Wayland, Feb. 8th, 1864.

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Dear Friend Garrison,

Mrs. Sears, the good wife of our good clergyman, is very much out of health, and finds it impossible to procure a faithful person to help her about her house-affairs. I feel troubled about her, for though she continues to do her own work, she has not the strength to do it. Do you know of any intelligent contraband who would be glad of a good home, where she would have just dealings and kind treatment? Does your colored housekeeper know of any reliable person who would be willing to go into the country? Mr. & Mrs. Sears are true friends of the colored people, and so are Deacon Draper and his son Sumner Draper, who are their next-door neighbors. They are the only abolitionists that I know of in this coppery town. If you know of no colored person, do you know of any white woman

capable of taking some care off of Mrs Sears shoulders, as well as of doing the work?
Mrs. Sears is a real motherly, kind woman, and treats domestics in the old fashioned, friendly style. The reason I apply to you is that it occurred to me you might know of some trustworthy contraband, or more properly freed woman. If you do know of any such, will you tell me by mail, as soon as you conveniently can. If you do not know of any such person, you need not trouble yourself to write.
Please say to Mr. May, Samuel jr, that I intended the book about my brother for him. With regard to the letter from Tyler Bigelow Esq. (he is not Hon. as Mr. May styles him) I have no means of knowing his wishes, but I presume he intended it for publication. I dare say he has always been anti-slavery at heart, but, like thousands of prudent men, he has been very mum about it, till of late. I enclose a copy of some lines by our friend Mrs. S. E. Sewall, which are well worthy of republication. Very cordially yrs,
L. M. Child.

Dear Mrs. Garrison,

I thank you a thousand times for the cap. It is exceedingly pretty, and will serve me for my bettermost for these six years, if I should live so long; and if I should live still longer, it will do for my second best six years more. It was very kind of you, and I shall value it highly as a souvenir of one for whom I cherish true respect and affection.

I hope you are out of bed by this time, bolstered up in your arm chair, and tended carefully by your good faithful Fanny. Oh, how I wish I had such a daughter!

With love to her and you, in which my dear David unites, I am always cordially your friend,

L. Maria Child.